AYRES:

BY

Alfonso Ferraboſco.

K.8.h.2

LONDON:
Printed by T. SNODHAM, for IOHN BROVVNE,
and are to be ſould at his ſhoppe in S.
Dunſtones Church-yard
in Fleetſtreet.

1609.

AF

49.
3 10.
83.

TO THE MOST EQVALL TO HIS BIRTH, AND ABOVE all Titles, but his owne Vertue:

Heroique *Prince Henry*.

Excellent Prince:

THat which was wont to accompany all Sacrifices, is now become a Sacrifice, *MVSIQVE*: And to a Compoſition ſo full of *Harmony* as yours, what could bee a fitter Offring? The rather, ſince they are the Offerers *firſt fruits*, and that he giues them with *pure hands*. J could, now, with that ſolemne induſtry of many in *Epiſtles*, enforce all that hath beene ſaid in praiſe of the *Faculty*, and make that commend the worke, but J deſire more, the worke ſhould commend the *Faculty*: And therefore ſuffer theſe few *Ayres* to owe their Grace rather to your *Highneſſe* iudgement, then any others teſtimonie. J am not made of much ſpeach. Onely J know them worthy of my Name: And, therein, J tooke paynes to make them worthy of Yours.

Your Highneſſe

moſt humble Seruant

Alfonſo Ferraboſco.

TO MY EXCELLENT FRIEND
ALFONSO FERRABOSCO.

TO vrge, my lou'd *Alfonſo*, that bold fame
Of building Townes, and making wilde Beaſts tame;
Which *Muſique* had; or ſpeake her knowne effects,
That ſhe remoueth cares, ſadneſſe eiects,
Declineth anger, perſwades clemency,
Doth ſweeten mirth, and heighten pietie,
And is to'a body, often, ill inclinde
No leſſe a ſoueraigne cure, then to the minde;
To'alledge, that greateſt men were not aſham'd
Of old, euen by her practiſe, to be fam'd;
To ſay, indeed, ſhe were the *Soule* of *Heauen*,
That the eight *Spheare*, no leſſe then *Planets* ſeauen
Mou'd, by her order; And the ninth, more high,
Including all, were thence call'd *Harmony:*
I, yet, had vtter'd nothing, on thy part,
When theſe were but the praiſes of the *Art.*
But when I haue ſaide, The proofes of all theſe be
Shed in thy *Songs*; Tis true: But ſhort of thee.

Ben: Ionſon.

TO THE WORTHY AVTHOR.

MVſicks maiſter, and the offspring
Of rich *Muſicks* Father,
Old *Alfonſo's* Image liuing,
Theſe faire flowers you gather
Scatter through the *Britiſh* ſoile;
Giue thy fame free wing,
And gaine the merit of thy toyle:
Wee whoſe loues affect to praiſe thee,
Beyond thine owne deſerts, can neuer raiſe thee.

By *T. Campion*, Doctor
in Phyſicke.

AMICISS: ET PRÆSTANTISSIMO IN RE
MVSICA, ALFONSO FERRABOSCO.

PErcellis. oro, mitte animam meam
O diue Syren, vinculaq́ auribus
Iniecta ſoluas, nec potenti
Perpetuò moriar camænâ.
Ardore rapta mens furit entheo,
Scanditq́ Lunam, & circuit æthera,
Ter millies cœlo repoſta,
Et totiès relocata terris.
O Muſicæ artis quanta potentia,
Ferra-boſco *Non in* ferarum *ſola vagum* nemus,
Sed in virorum plus cateruas
Participes melioris auræ!
Alfonſe, dux & rex Lyrici gregis,
Pulſare dignus cœlicolûm lyram,
Excellis omnes ſic canendo
Semper vt ipſe ſies canendus.

N. Tomkins.

L. *Famous in quotation*

Like Hermit poore, in place ob- ſcure, I meane

to ſpend my dayes of endleſſe doubt, To waile ſuch woes as time can- not

recure; Where none but Loue ſhall finde mee out; And at my gates diſpaire ſhall,

diſpaire ſhal linger ſtill, To let in death whē loue & fortune, when Loue and For- tune will.

II.

COme home my troubled thoughts, ſtay and re-tire, Call home your erring

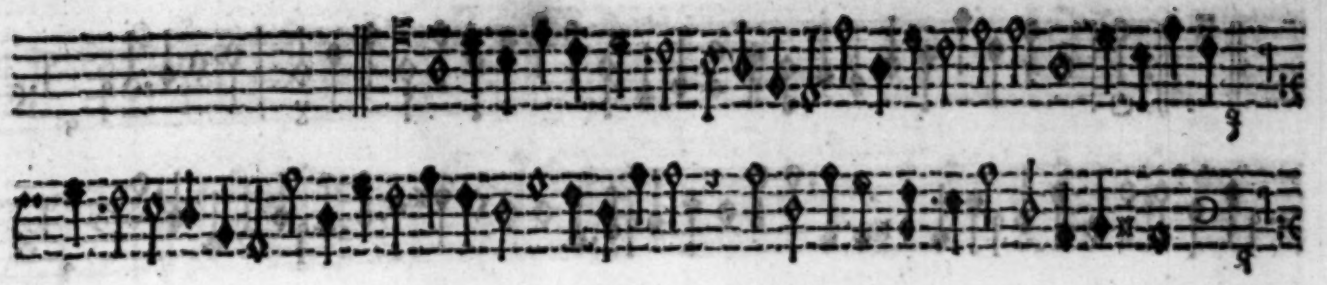
fellowes make a ſtand, Follow not ſtill the coulours of de- ſire, Falſe are her wiſhes cruel her com-

mand, Come then o- bay this ſummons come away, come away, For here vaine hopes, for here vaine

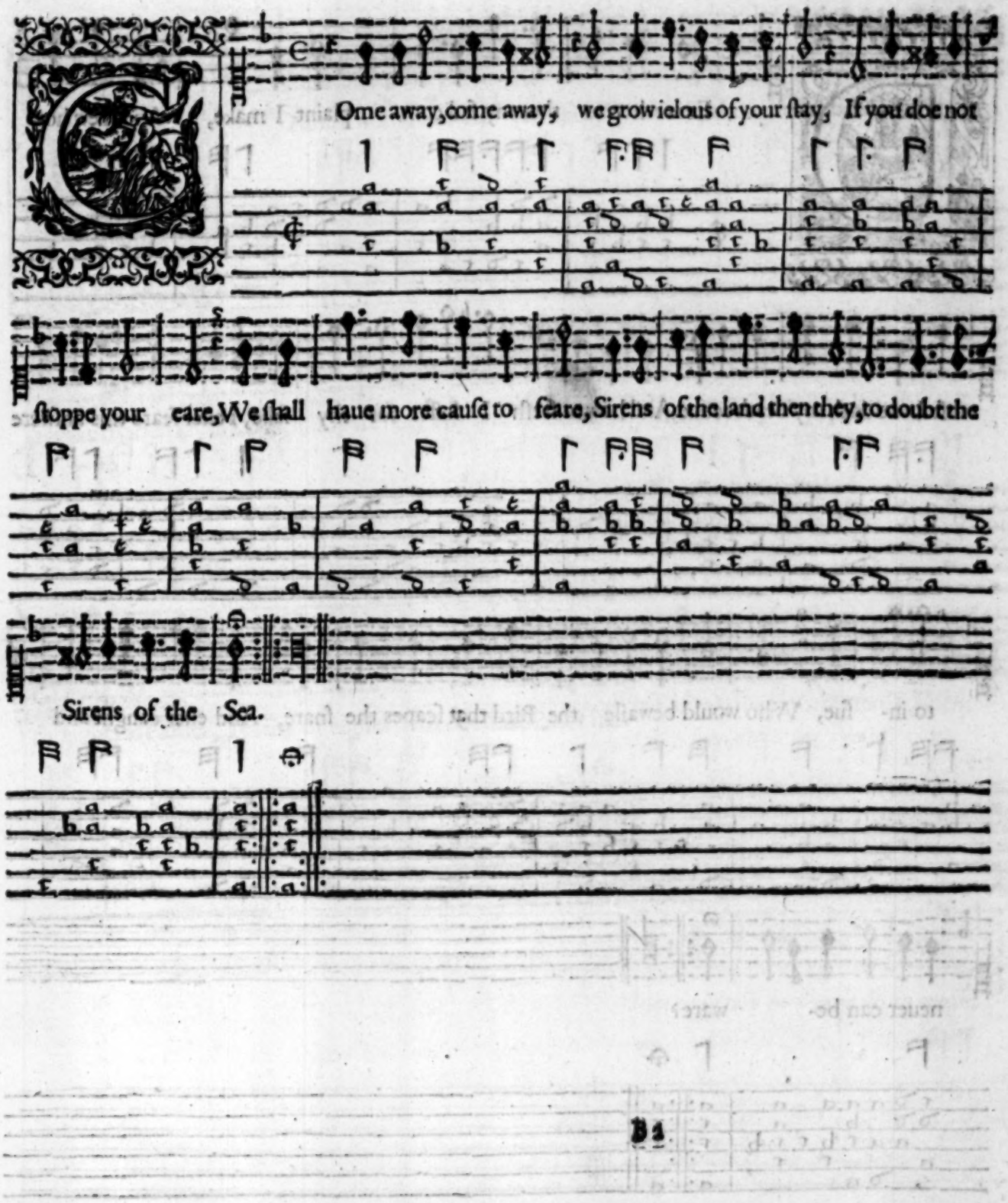
hopes muſt ſerue you for your pay.

Added From an Ancient MS.

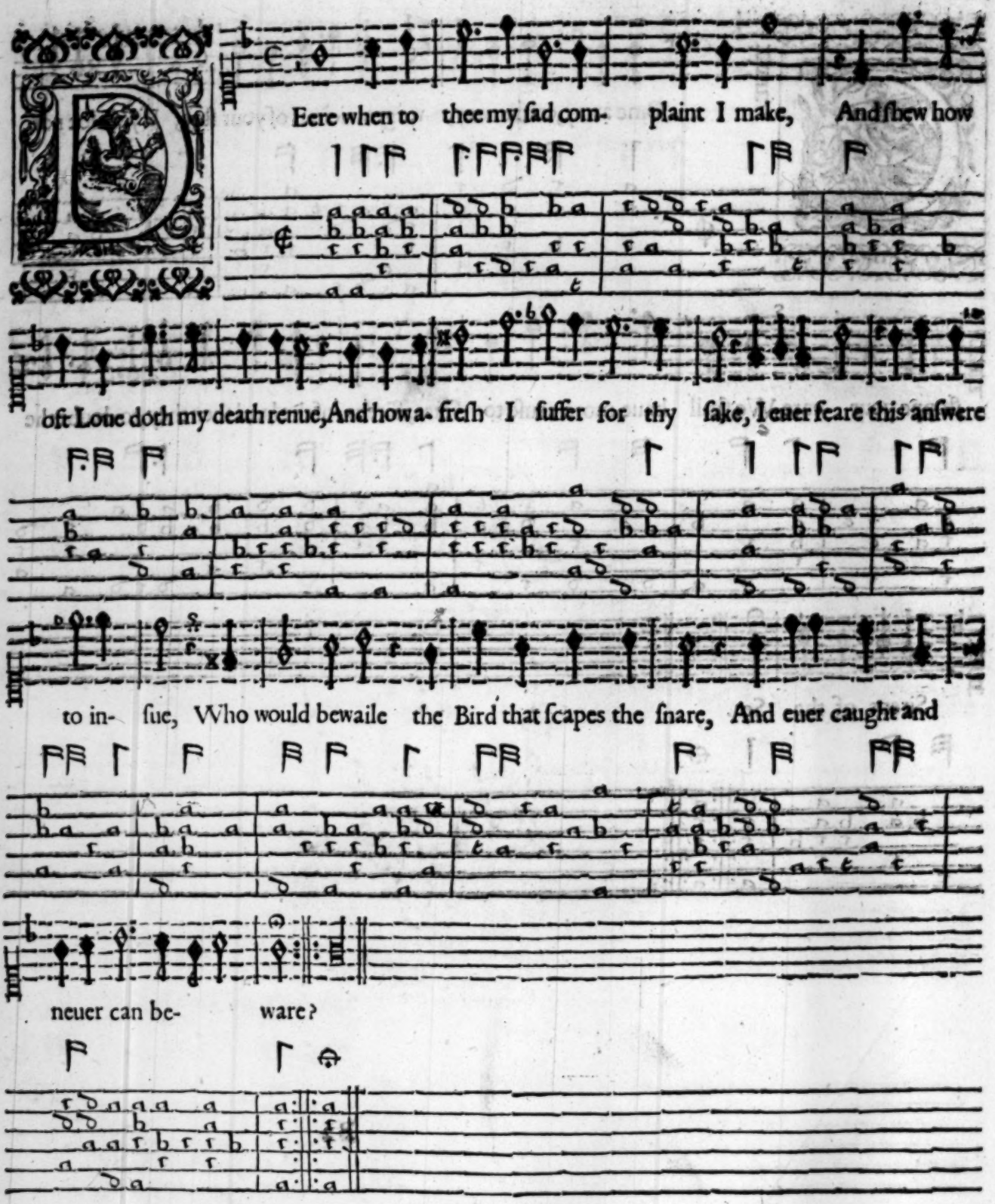
Beautie and Love die even as they were borne,
Time is theire foe the weakest sex th^r guarde.
Ambitious ends, Deathes power, or Fortune's scorne
Lyke timeles fruite withers without rewarde.
Come then obay this summons come awaye,
For heere vayne hopes must serue you for your paye.



III

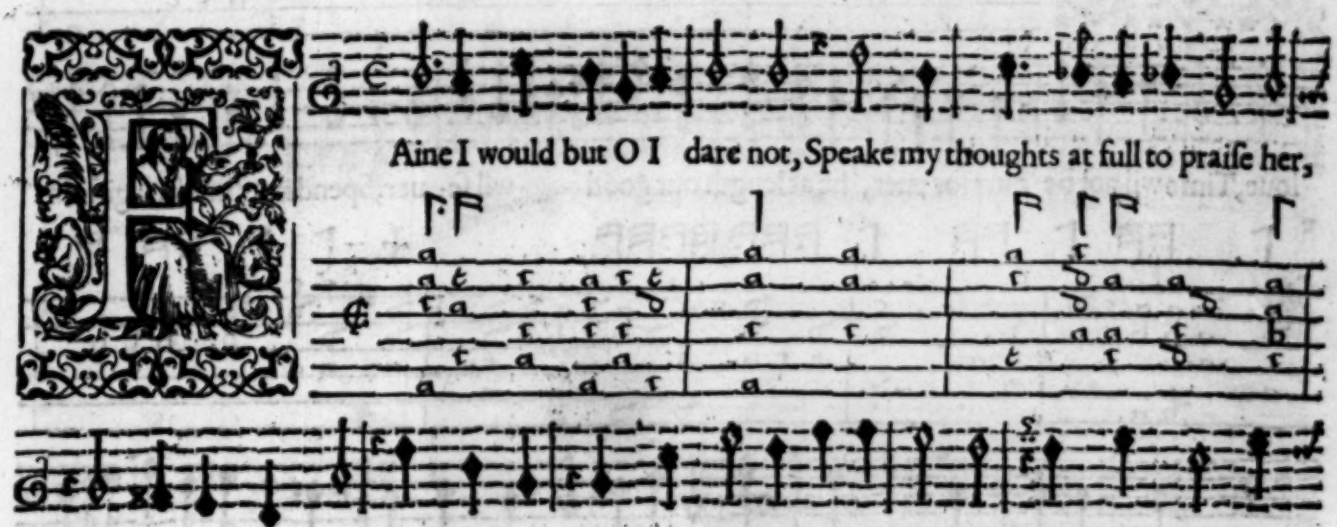

Come away, come away, we grow iealous of your ſtay, If you doe not
ſtoppe your eare, We ſhall haue more cauſe to feare, Sirens of the land then they, to doubt the
Sirens of the Sea.

IIII.

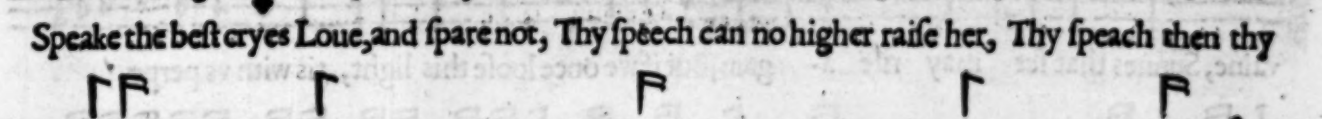


But my reply is iuſt, that if the eye
That ſees the danger, yet obayes the hart
That leades the ſence, for his delight to dye,
In that this pray, preferres the better part
The gayner ſhould haue mercy to forgiue,
If Beautie be a Tyrant who can liue?

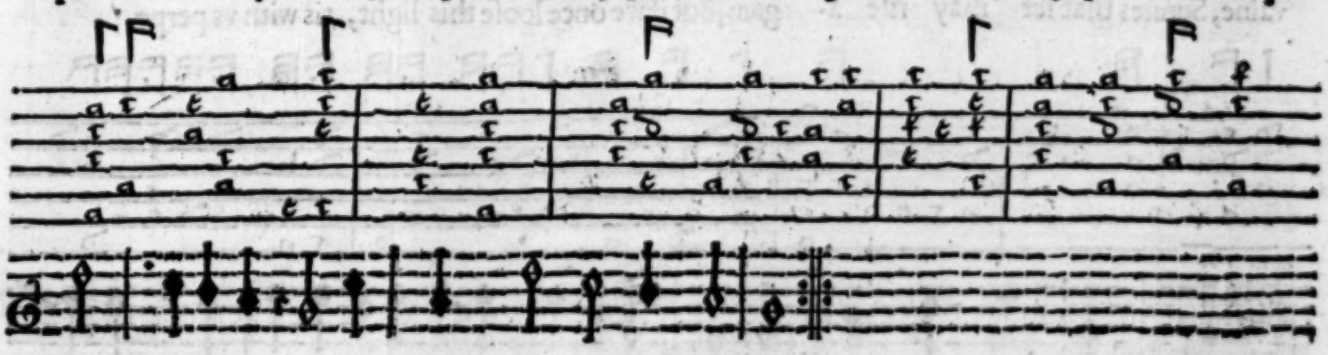
V.



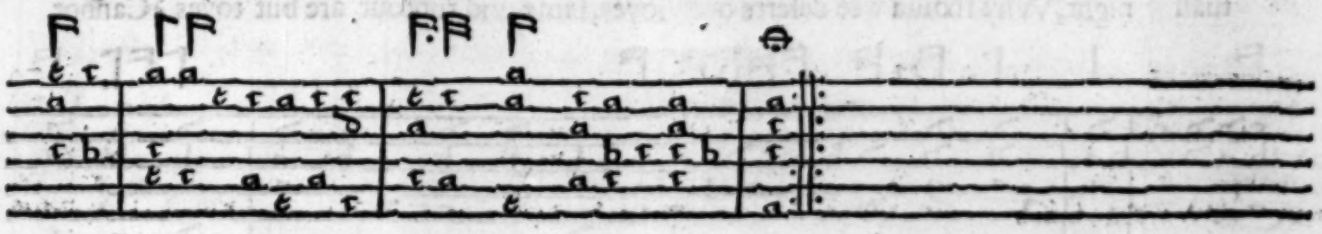
Aine I would but O I dare not, Speake my thoughts at full to praiſe her,



Speake the beſt cryes Loue, and ſpare not, Thy ſpeech can no higher raiſe her, Thy ſpeach then thy



thoughts are lower, Yet thy thoughts doth not halfe know her.



Ben. Jonson's Volpone

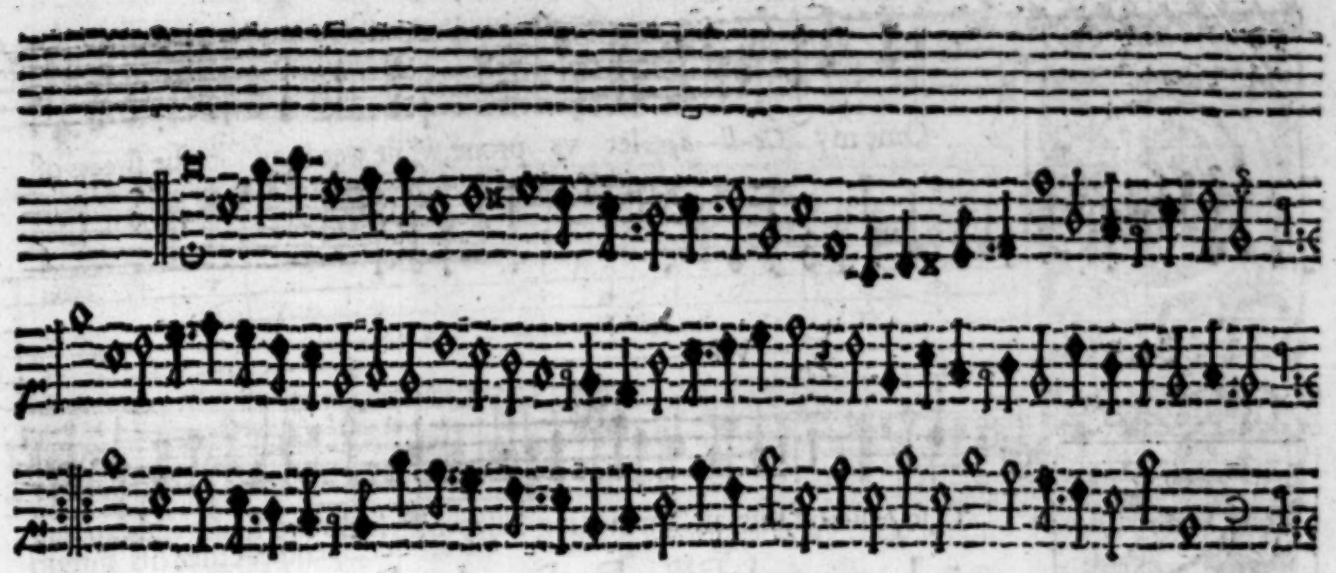
Ome my *Ce-li- a,* let vs proue, while wee may the ſweets of

loue, Time wil not be ours for euer, he at length our good wil ſe- uer, Spend not then his gifts in

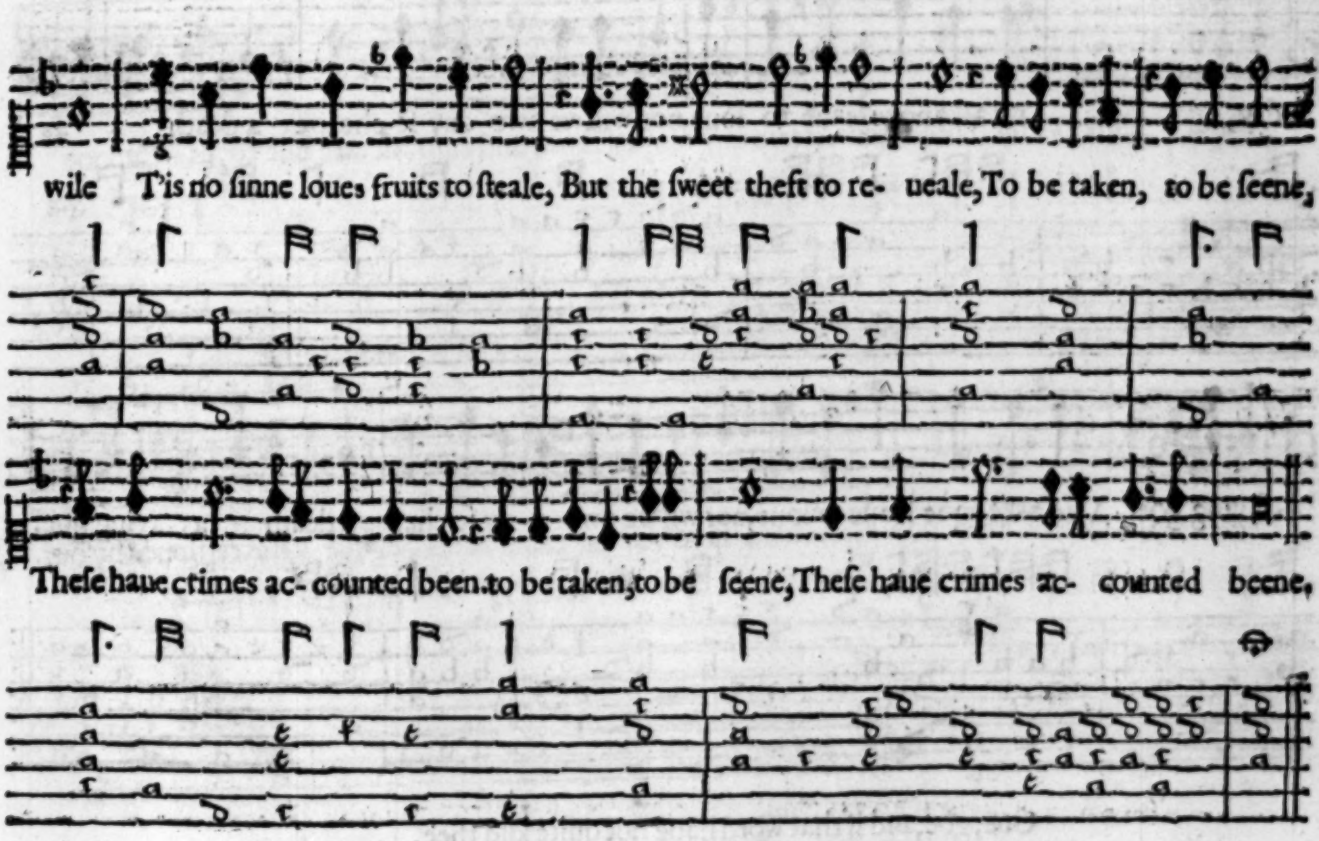
vaine, Sunnes that ſet may riſe a- gain, But if we once looſe this light, tis with vs perpe-

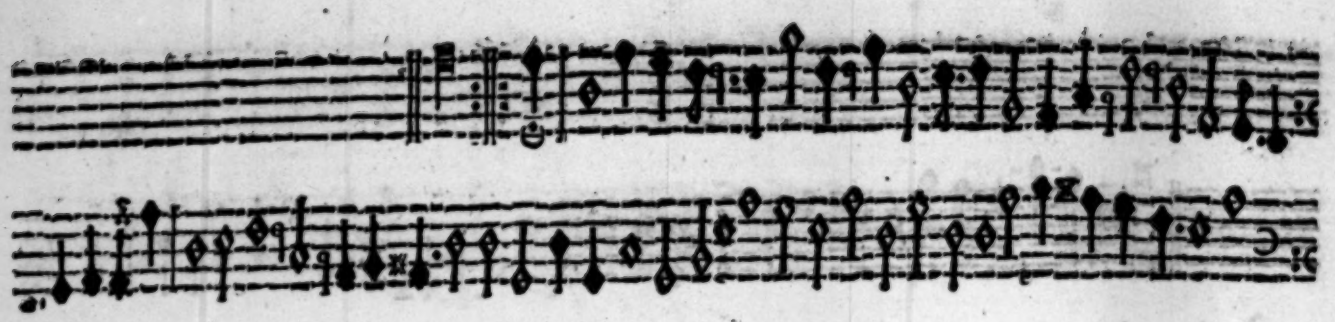
tuall night, Why ſhould wee deferre our ioyes, fame and rumour are but toyes? Cannot

we delude the eyes of a few poore houſhold ſpyes, Or his eaſier eares beguile, Thus remoued by our

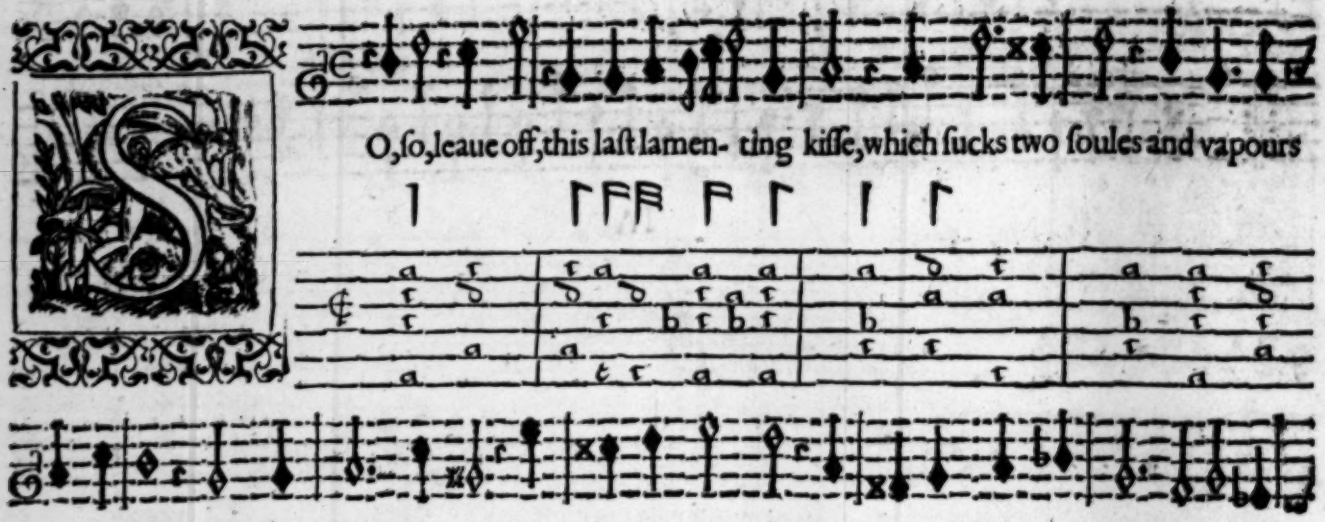


VI.

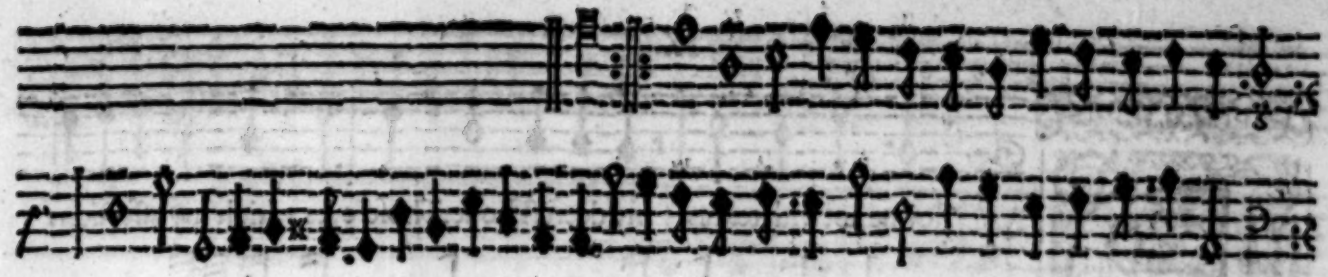

wile T'is no ſinne loues fruits to ſteale, But the ſweet theft to re- ueale, To be taken, to be ſeene,
Theſe haue crimes ac- counted been. to be taken, to be ſeene, Theſe haue crimes ac- counted beene,



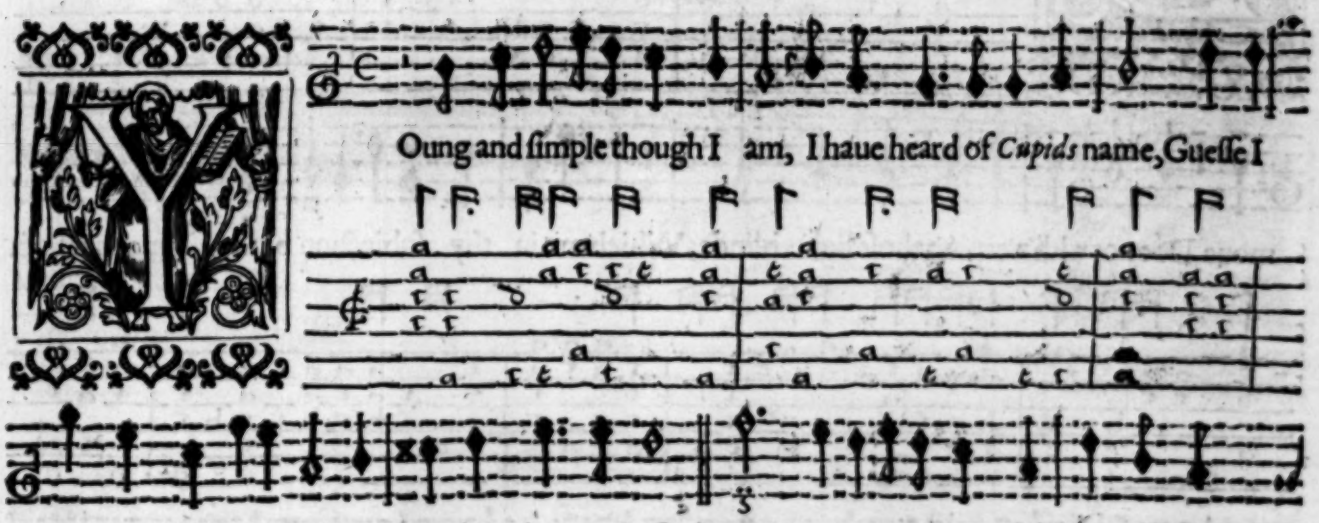
VII.

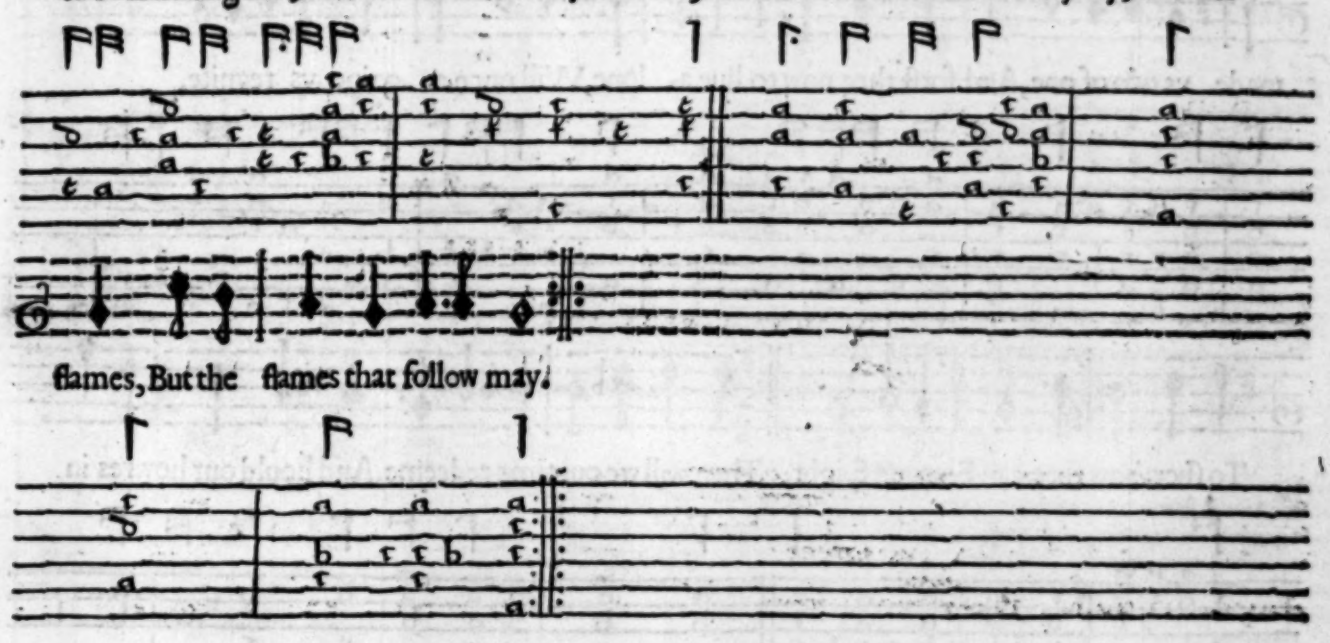


Goe, goe, and if that word haue not quite kild thee,
Eaſe me with death by bidding me goe to:
O, if it haue let my word worke on me,
And a iuſt office on a murderer doe.
Except it be too late to kill me ſo,
Being double dead, going and bidding goe.



VIII.



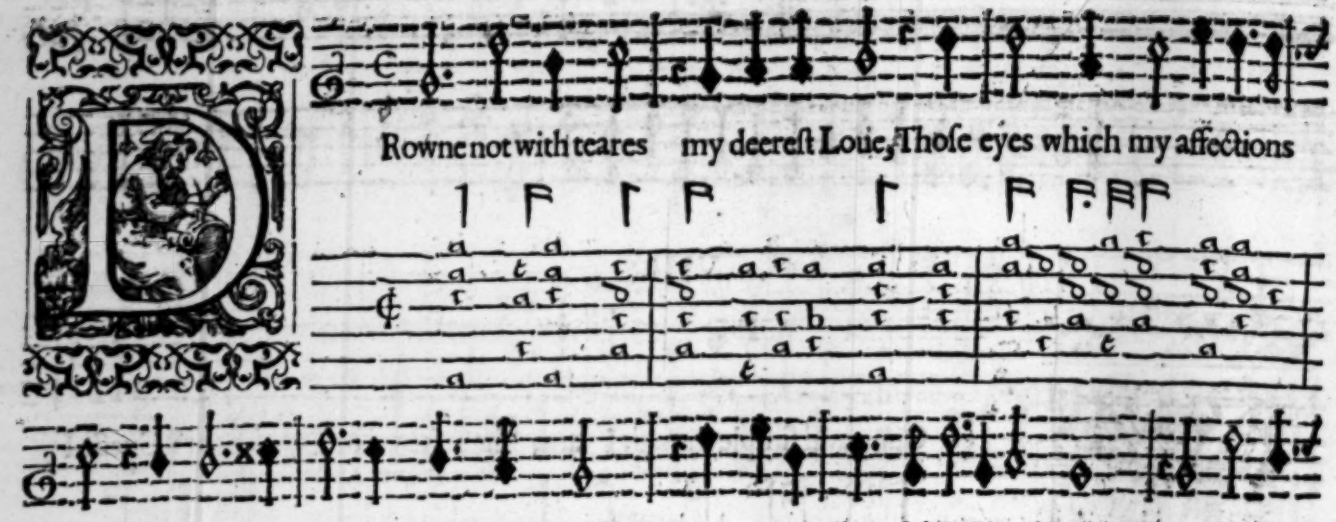


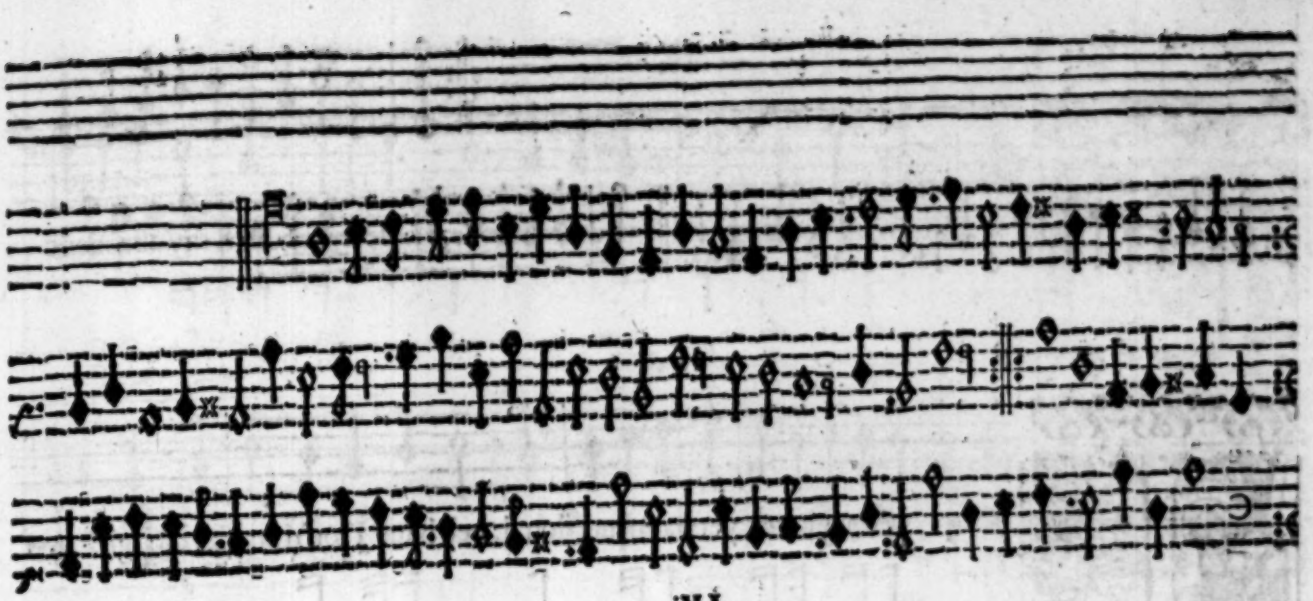
2 I am not ſo foule or faire, to be proud or to diſpaire,
Yet my lips haue oft obſeru'd, men that kiſſe them preſſe them hard,
As glad louers vſe to doe, when their new met loues they wooe.

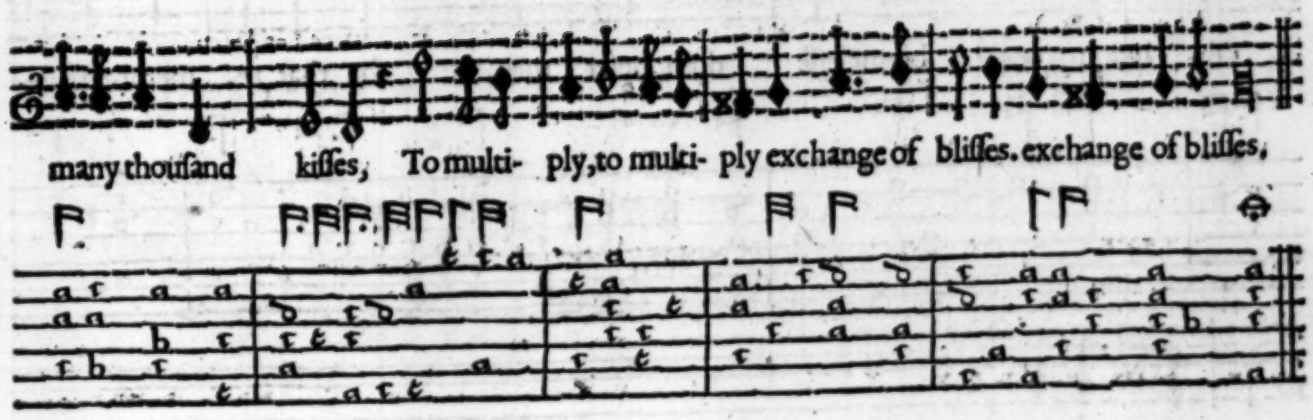
3 Faith tis but a fooliſh minde, yet me thinkes a heat I finde,
Like thirſt longing that doth bide euer one my weaker ſide,
Where they ſay my hart doth moue, *Venus* graunt it be not Loue.

4 If it be alas what then, were not Women made for Men?
As good tis a thing were paſt, that muſt needes bee done at laſt,
Roſes that are ouer-blowne, grow leſſe ſweet then fall alone.

5 Yet nor Churle, nor ſilken Gull, ſhall my maiden bloſſome pull,
Who ſhall not I ſoone can tell, who ſhall would I could as well,
This I know who ere hee be, loue hee muſt or flatter mee.


Rowne not with teares my deereſt Loue, Thoſe eyes which my affections
moue, Doe not with weeping thoſe lights blinde, Which me in thy ſubiection binde, Time that hath
made vs two of one, And forſt thee now to liue a- lone, Will once a- gaine vs revnite,
To ſhew how ſhee can Fortune ſpight, Then will we our time redeeme, And hould our howres in
more eſteeme, Turning all our ſweeteſt nights, Into millions of de- lights, And ſtriue with




many thousand kisses, To multi- ply, to mulki- ply exchange of blisses. exchange of blisses,

X.

I Am a louer yet was neuer lou'd; well haue I lou'd and wil though hated

euer, Troubles I paſſe yet neuer any mou'd, ſighs haue I giuen and yet ſhe heard me neuer, I

would complaine, and ſhe would neuer heare me, and flie from loue, but it is euer neare me,

Ob- liuion onely blameleſſe doth beſet mee, for that re- membreth ne-

uer to forget me.

XI.

Hy ſtayes the bridegroome to in-uade her, that would be a matron

made, Good night whilſt yet we may, good night to you a virgin ſay, To morrow riſe, the

ſame your mother is, and vſe a nobler name, Speed well in hymens war, that what you are, by

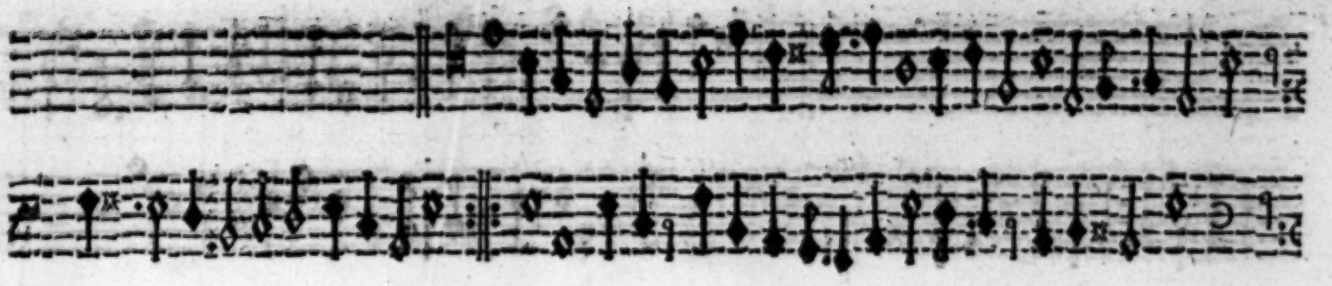
your perfections wee and all may ſee.

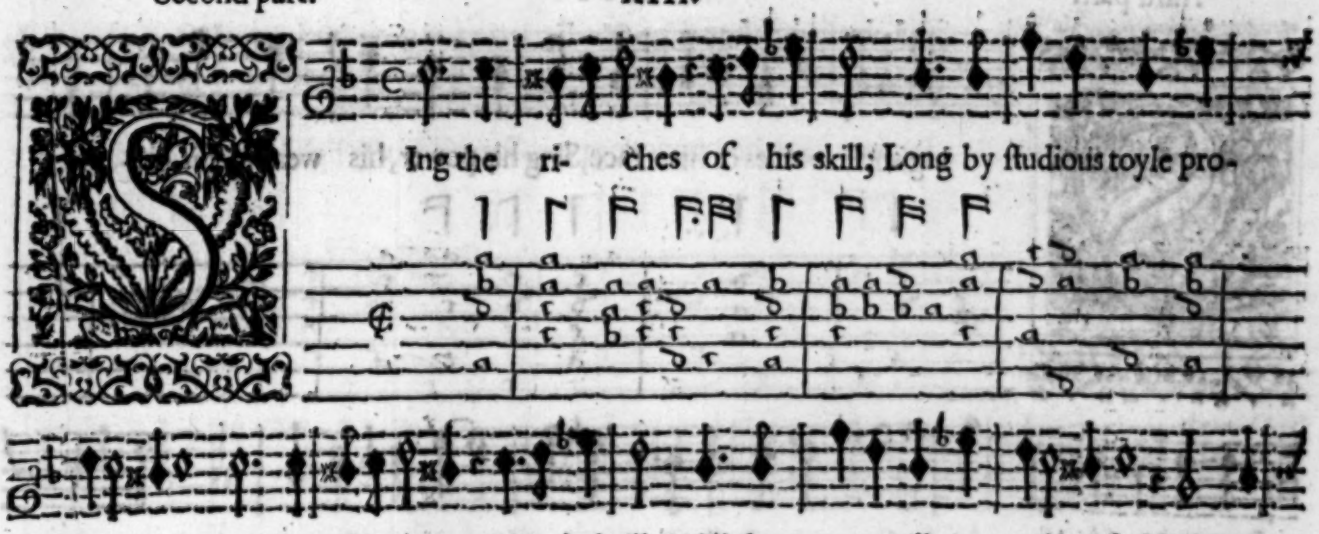
First part. XII. a Compt. to ye Prince.

Ing wee then he- royque grace, So with louely light adorning, that faire

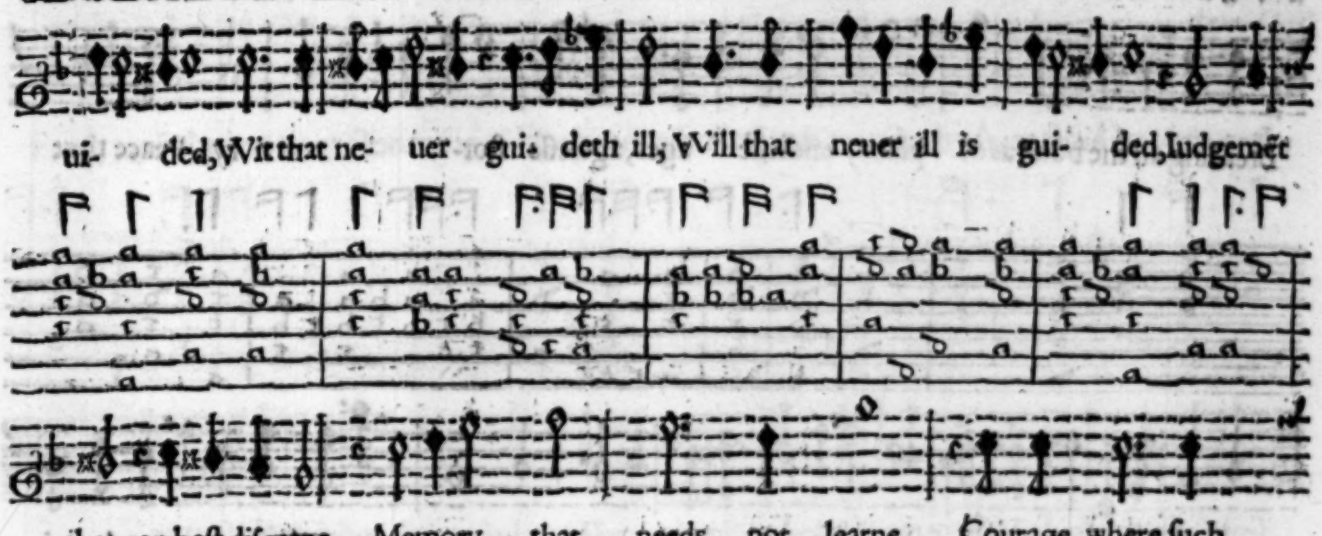
heauen of his face, As the Starre that leads the morning, body braue for part and whole, pureſt

ſeate of purer ſoule, Where repoſed lodge by nature, Princely ſtrength and comely ſtature.

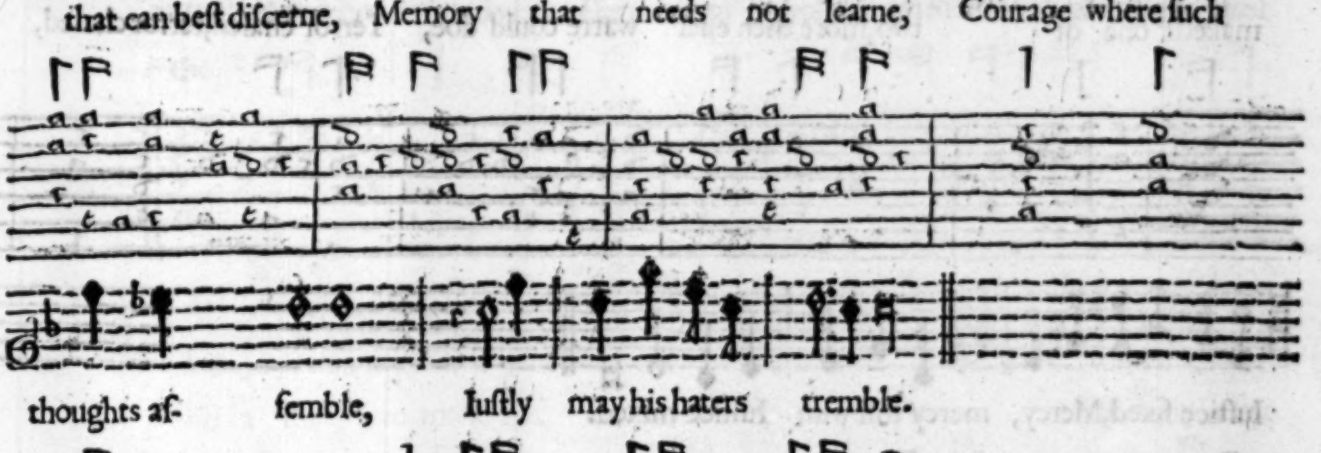




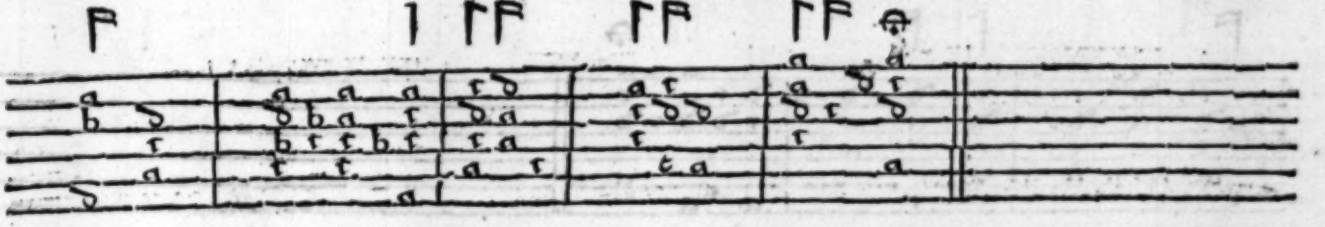
Ing the ri- ches of his skill; Long by ſtudious toyle pro-



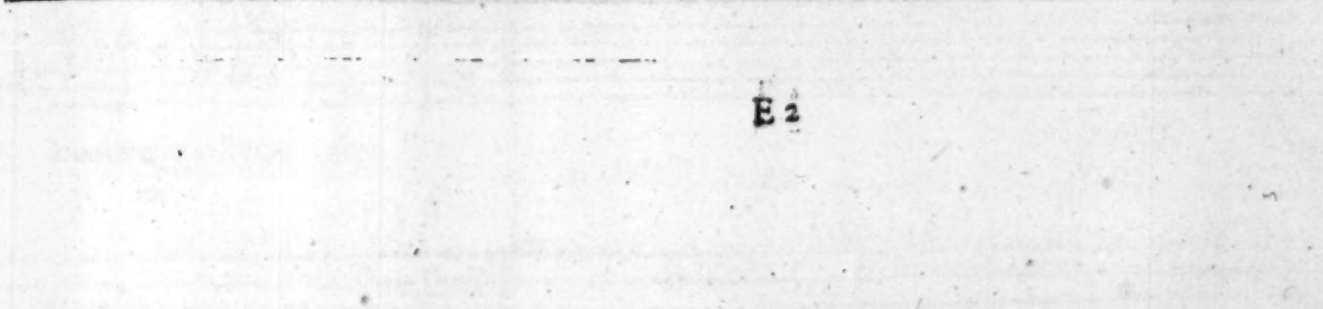
ui- ded, Wit that ne- uer gui- deth ill, Will that neuer ill is gui- ded, Iudgemẽt



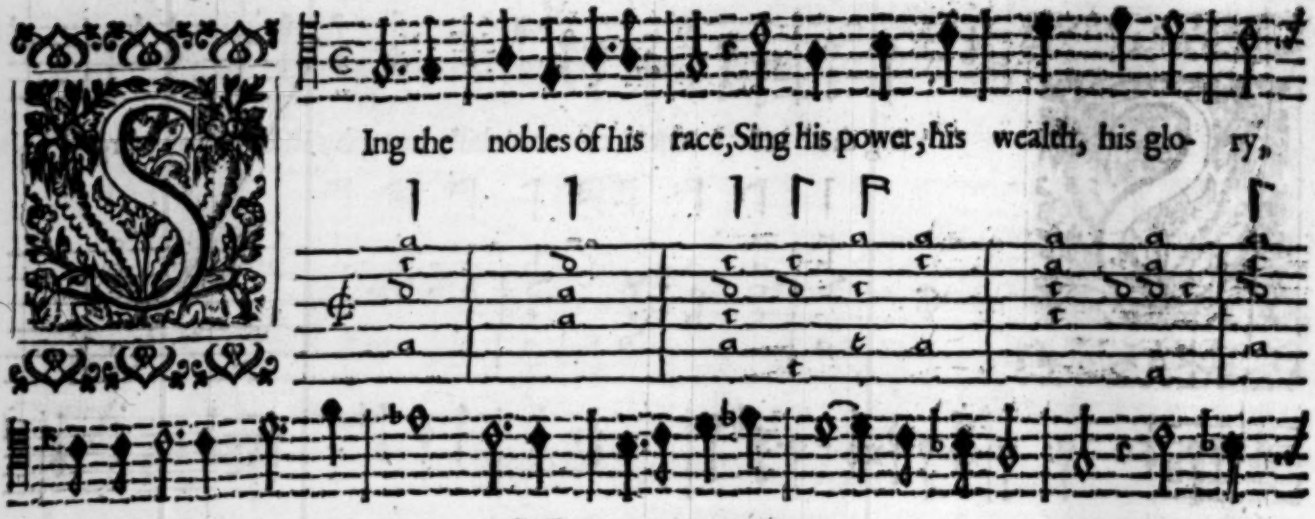
that can beſt diſcerne, Memory that needs not learne, Courage where ſuch



thoughts aſ- ſemble, Iuſtly may his haters tremble.



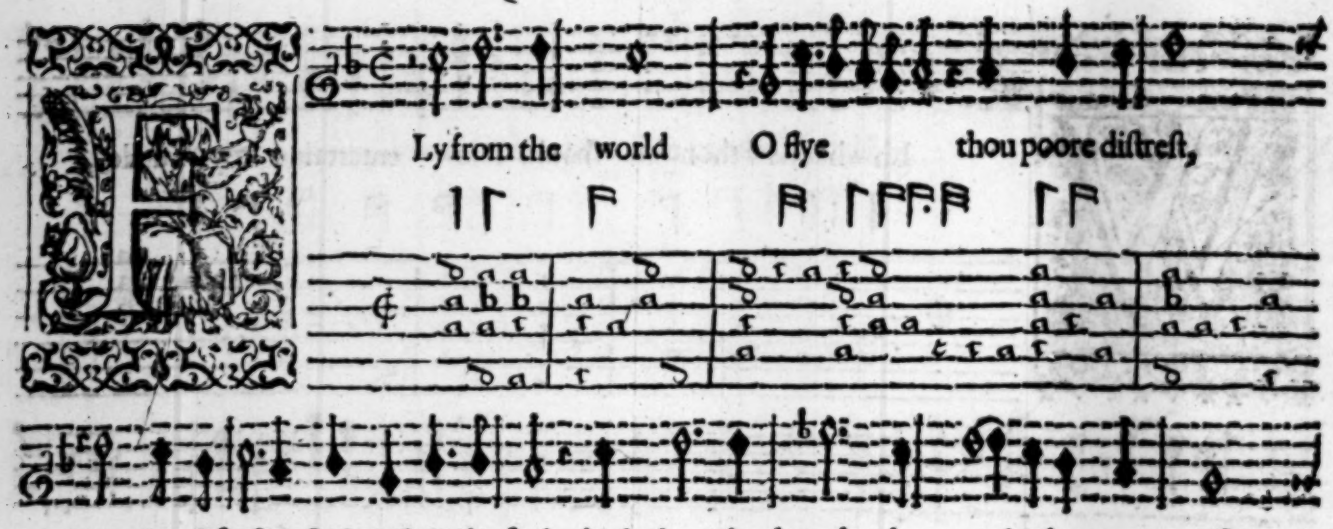
Third part.


Ing the nobles of his race, Sing his power, his wealth, his glo- ry,
Breaking all the bounds of place, endleſſe ages, ageleſſe ſtor- ry, Peace that
maketh one of two, more then euer warre could doe, Terror chaſed, terror chaſed,
Iuſtice fixed, Mercy, mercy ſtill with Iuſtice mixed.

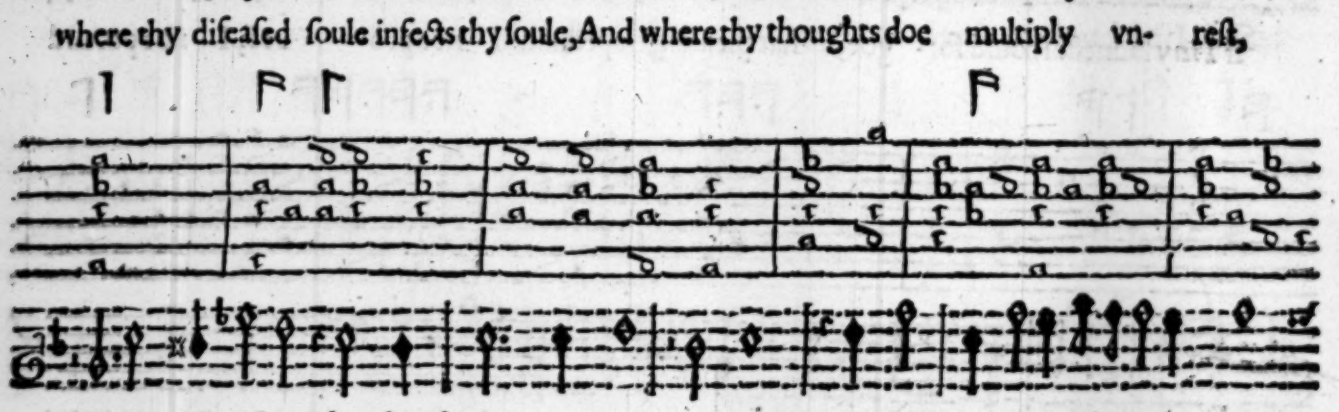
XV.

With what new thoughts ſhould I now entertaine my minde,
if I my ſadneſſe ſhould for- goe, What pleaſing hopes haue I not pro- ued, I not proued
vaine, or what falſe ſhew of ioy doe I not know? O partiall loue there
is no power in thee, to make her loue or elſe to ſet me free. to make her
loue or elſe to ſet me free.

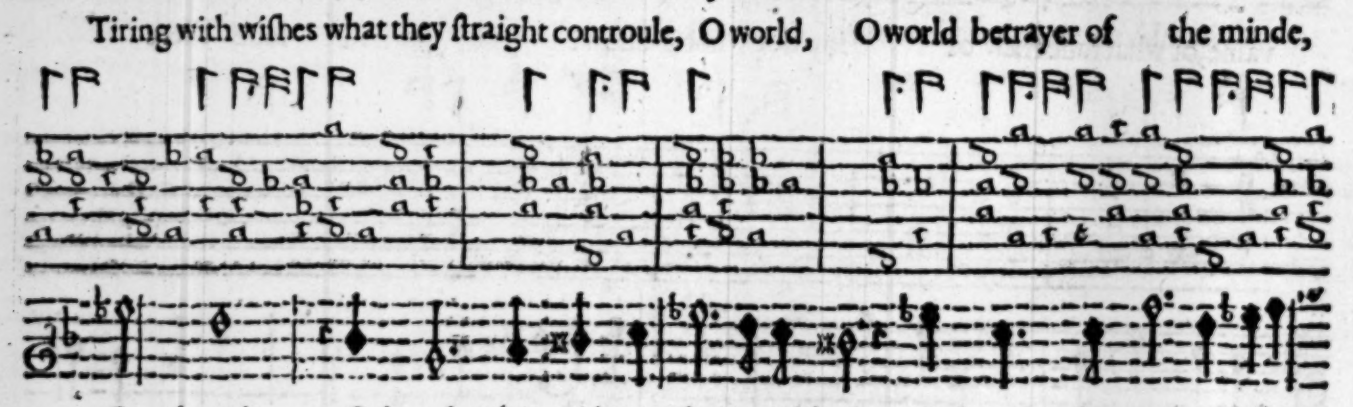
XVI.



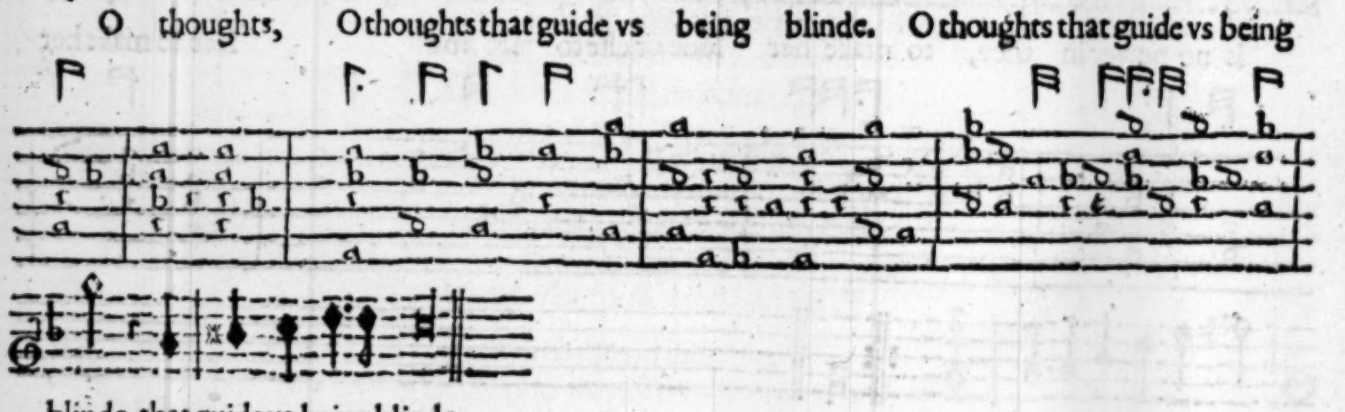
Ly from the world O flye thou poore diſtreſt,



where thy diſeaſed ſoule infects thy ſoule, And where thy thoughts doe multiply vn- reſt,



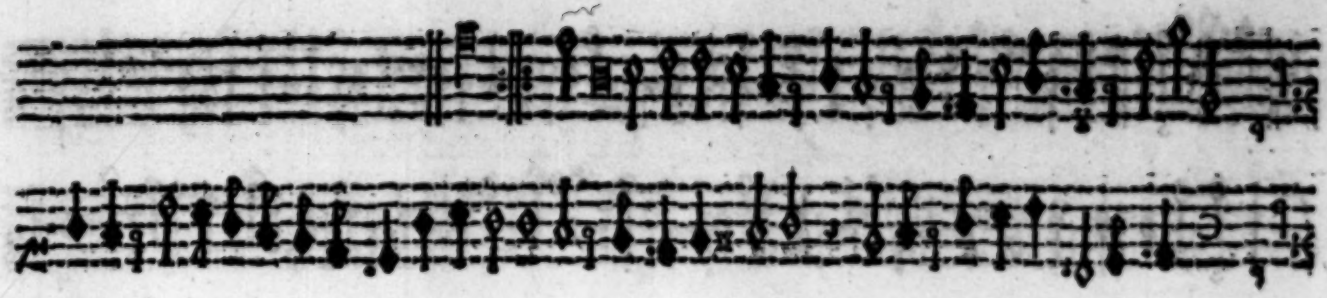
Tiring with wiſhes what they ſtraight controule, O world, O world betrayer of the minde,



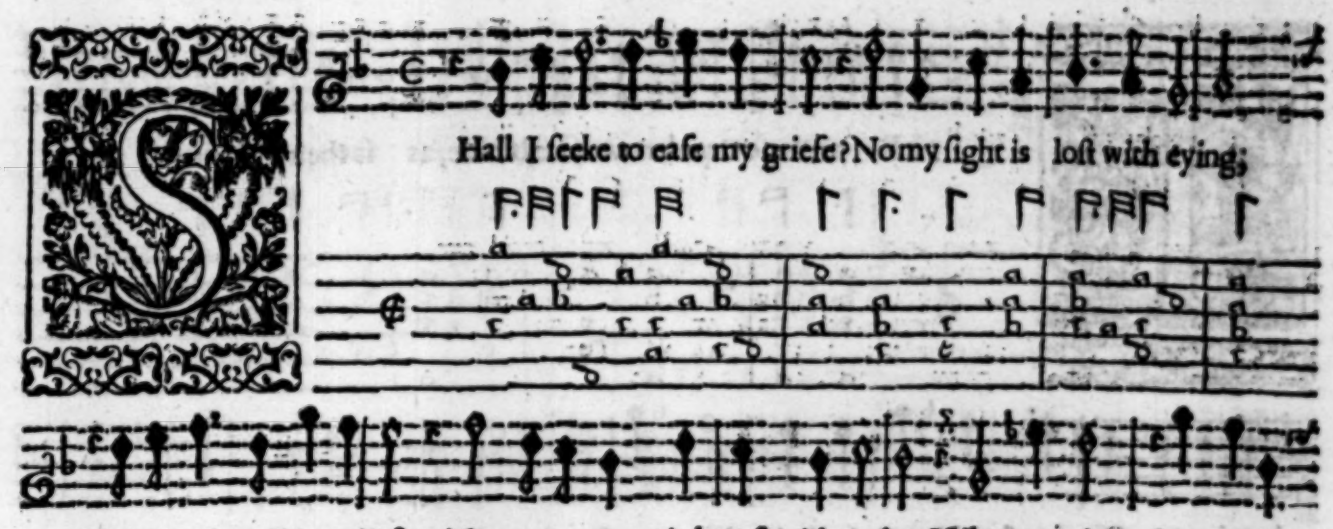
O thoughts, O thoughts that guide vs being blinde. O thoughts that guide vs being

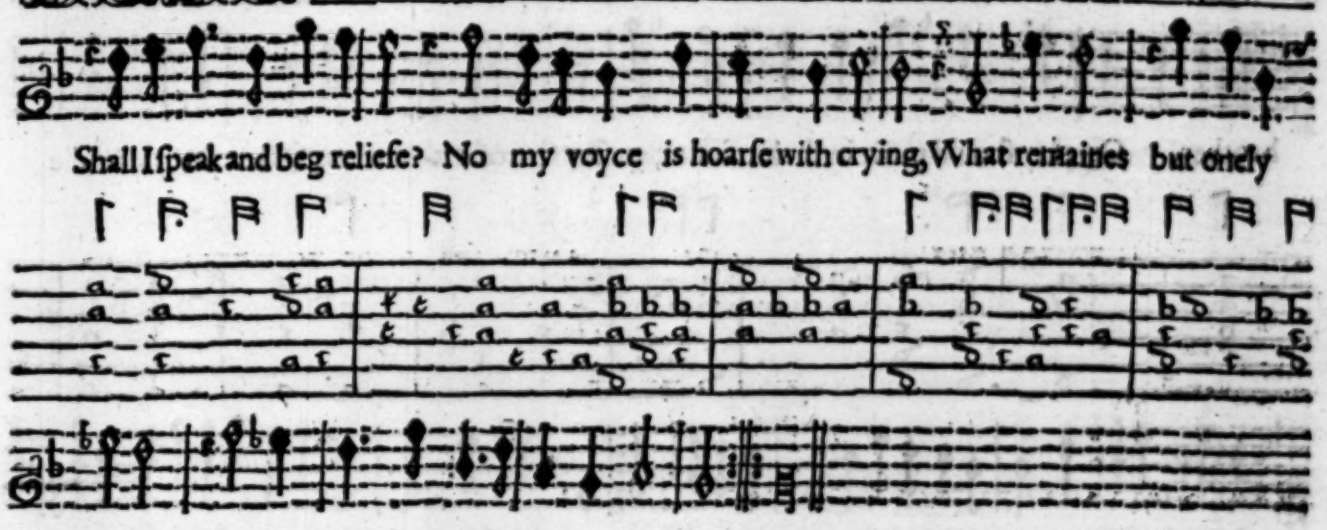
blinde, that guide vs being blinde.

2 Come therefore care, conduct me to my end,
And ſteere this ſhipwrackt carkaſſe to the graue:
My ſighes a ſtrange and ſtedfaſt winde ſhall lend,
Teares wet the ſailes, Repentance from rocks ſaue.
Haile death, haile death, the land I doe diſcry,
Strike ſaile, goe ſoule, reſt followes them that dye.



XVII.





2 Loue and I of late did part,
But the Boy my peace enuying,
Like a Parthian threw his dart,
Backward and did wound me flying:
What remaines but onely dying?

3 She whom then I looked one,
My remembrance beautifying
Stayes with me, though I am gone,
Gone, and at her mercy lying.
What remaynes, but onely dying?

4 Thus my vitall breath doth waſt,
And my blood with ſorrow drying,
Sighes and teares make life to laſt,
For a while his place ſupplying.
What remaynes but onely dying?

IF all theſe *Cupids* now were blinde, as is their wan- ton

brother, Or play ſhould put it in their mindes, to ſhoot at one a- nother, What prety battaile

they would make if they their obiects ſhould miſtake, and each one wound, and each one wound

his mother.

Second part.

XIX.

IT was no pollicie of court, although the place be char-

med, To let in earneſt or in ſport, ſo many loues in armed, For ſay the dames ſhould

with their eyes vpon the hearts here meane ſur- priſe, Were not the men, were not the

men, were not the men like harmed.

Third part.

XX.

YEs were the loues or falſe or ſtraying, or beautie not their

beautie way-ing, But here no ſuch de- ceipt is mixt, their flames are pure

their eyes are fixt, They doe not warre, they doe not warre, with dif-

frent darts, but ſtrike a mu- ſicke of like hearts, they doe not warre

with dif- frent darts, but ſtrike a mu- ſicke of like hearts.

XXI.

O beautie on the waters ſtood, when Loue had ſeuer'd

earth from floud, So when hee parted ayre from fire, hee did with concord all inſpire,

And then a mo- tion hee them taught, that elder then himſelfe was thought,

which thought was yet the childe of earth, for loue is elder then his birth.

XXII.

Ad thoſe that dwell in er- ror foule and hold that women haue

no ſoule, But ſeene thoſe moue, they would haue then ſaid, women were the ſoules of

men, ſo they doe moue each heart and eye, with the worlds ſoule their har- mo- nie.

XXIII.

IF all the ages of the earth were crown'd but in this famous birth,

but in this famous birth, and when that they would boaſt their ſtore of worthy Queenes,

of worthy Queenes they knew no more, how happier is that age can giue, a Queene

in whom they all doe liue?

XXIIII.

VNconſtant loue why ſhould I make my moane, or

ſend ſad ſighes vnto thy careleſſe eare? Since thy affection and thy faith is gone, and

all thoſe vertues which I once held deare; Farewell, fare- well; moſt falſe of

all to mee, that with affection deerely, deerely loued thee.

XXV.

Eyes, O mortall ſtarres, the authors of my harmes, that

in ſlumbring wage wārs, to kill me with ſweet charmes, If cloſed you an-noy me, be'ng o- pen you'ld de-

ſtroy me. If cloſed you an-noy me, be'ng o- pen you'ld deſtroy me. If clo-ſed you an- noy me, be'ng

open you'ld deſtroy me. If cloſed you an-noy me, be'ng o- pen you'ld deſtroy mee.

Ayre cruell Nimph why thus in griefe & an- guiſh, Mak'ſt thou him

that a- dores thee pine and lan- guiſh?

O but theſe fancies from thy beautie flow,

O how I ioy, O how I ioy in thee my happy choiſe, As

thou in me, as thou in me, ſo I in thee re- ioyce: Then let vs ſtill together liue and

loue, and ſing the ioyes, the ioyes, and ſing the ioyes that happy louers proue.

Dialogue Nimph.

Hy Shepheard doſt thou mee condemne as

cruell, Since thine owne fancies are thy paſsions fuell?

Then ſhall reliefe to thee from bountie grow, O how I

Ioy, O how I Ioy in this my happy choiſe, As thou in me, As thou in me, ſo I in thee

reioyce, Then let vs ſtill together liue and loue, And ſing the ioyes, and

ſing the ioyes that happy lo- uers proue.

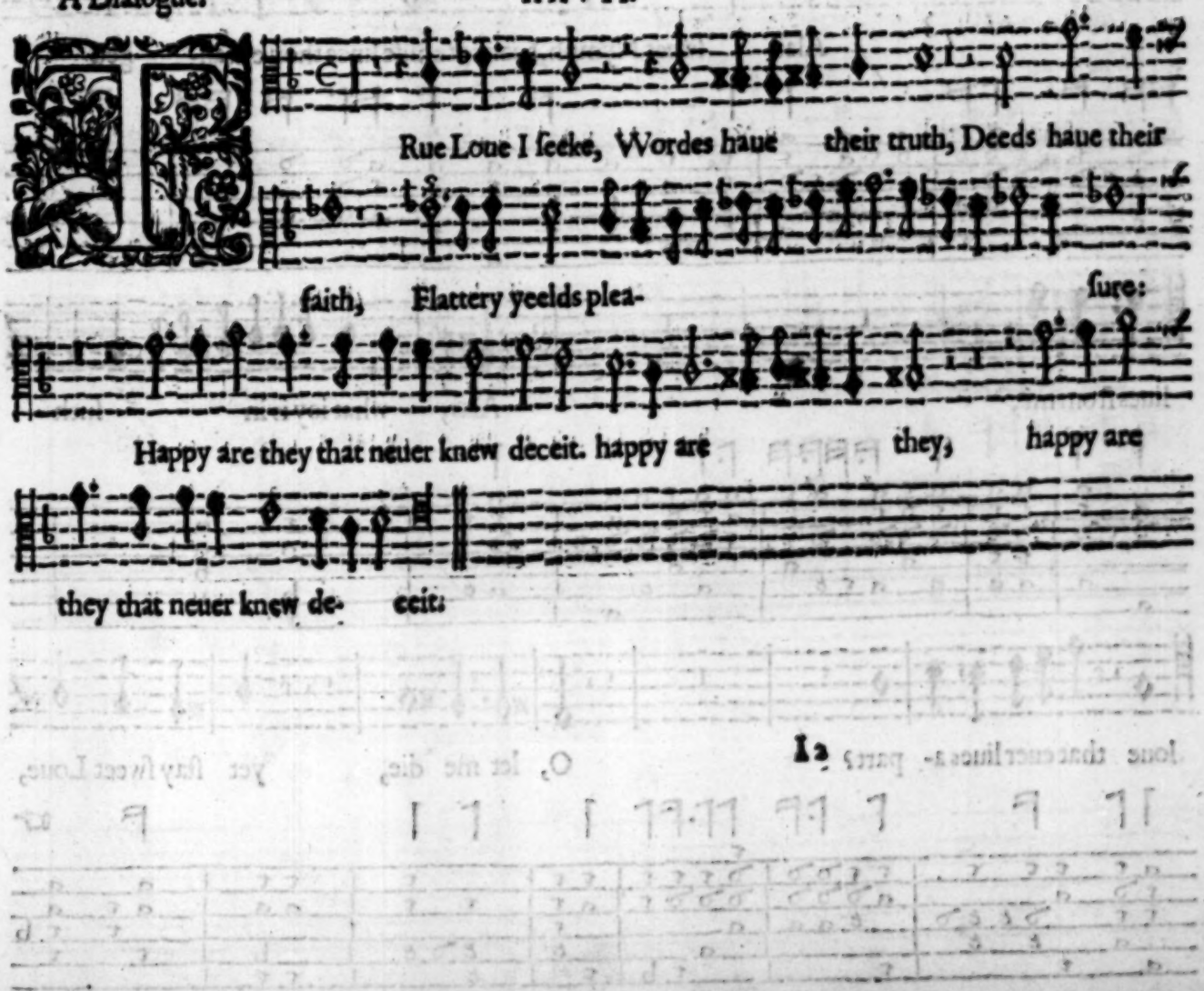
What ſhall I wiſh? what ſhall I flye? Falſe I defie,

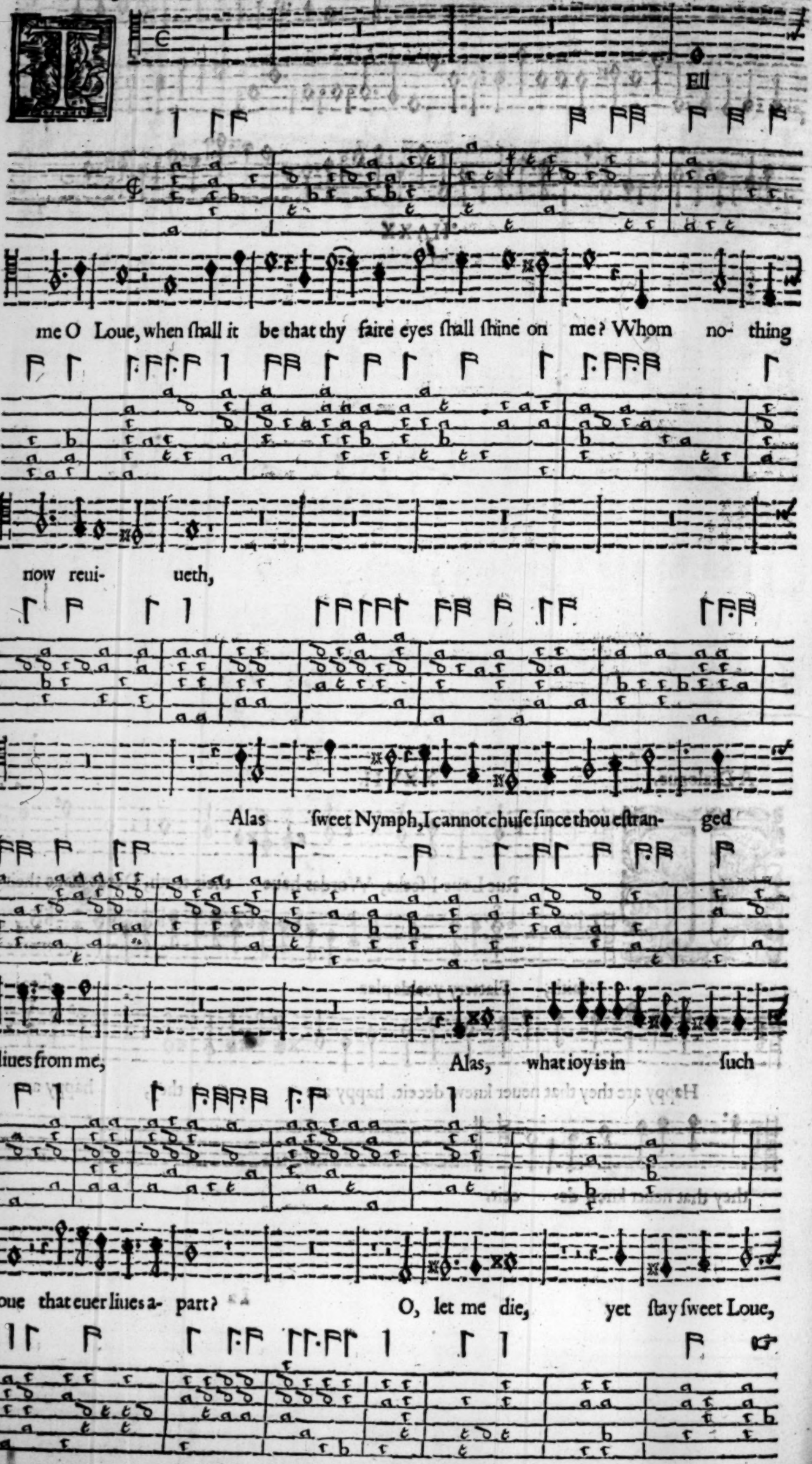
Such euer ſpeake, Such ne- uer breake,

Flattery yeelds plea- ſure, Onely truth, onely truth yeelds waight,

Happy are they that neuer knew deceit. Happy are they that neuer knew de-

ceit. neuer knew de- ceit.


True Loue I seeke, Wordes haue their truth, Deeds haue their
faith, Flattery yeelds plea- sure:
Happy are they that neuer knew deceit. happy are they, happy are
they that neuer knew de- ceit:


Ell
me O Loue, when ſhall it be that thy faire eyes ſhall ſhine on me? Whom no- thing
now reui- ueth,
Alas ſweet Nymph, I cannot chuſe ſince thou eſtran- ged
liues from me,
Alas, what ioy is in ſuch
loue that euer liues a- part?
O, let me die, yet ſtay ſweet Loue,

Dialogue Nimph. XXVIII.

Pray thee Shepheard, I pray thee ſhepheard leaue thy

feares, Drowne not thy heart and eyes with teares, Such ſighes my ſence de-

pri- ueth, O doe not me for that accuſe, My Loue, my life doth liue in thee,

Alas, what ioy is in ſuch ſoue, and neuer other comforts proue, but cares that kill

the hart? And ſo will I, yet ſtay ſweet Loue and ſing this ſong with me, Time brings to

paſſe what loue thinkes could not be. Time brings to paſſe what loue thinkes could not be,

and ſing this ſong with me, time bring to paſſe, what loue thinks could not be.

time brings to paſſe, what loue thinks could not be.

FINIS.

A Table of all the Songs contained *in this Booke.*

I.	Like Hermit poore.	
II.	Come home my troubled thoughts.	
III.	Come away.	
IIII.	Deere, when to thee.	
V.	Faine I would.	
VI.	Come my *Celia.*	
VII.	So, so, leaue off.	
VIII.	Young and ſimple though I am.	
IX.	Drowne not with teares.	
X.	I am a Louer.	
XI.	Why ſtayes the Bridegroome.	
XII.	Sing we then heroyque grace.	1. Part.
XIII.	Sing the riches of his skill.	2. Part.
XIIII.	Sing the Nobles of his race.	3. Part.
XV.	With what now thoughts.	
XVI.	Flye from the world.	
XVII.	Shall I ſeeke to eaſe my griefe?	
XVIII.	If all theſe *Cupids* now were blinde.	1. Part.
XIX.	It was no pollicie of Court. —	2. Part.
XX.	Yes were the loues.	3. Part.
XXI.	So beautie on the waters ſtood. — —	
XXII.	Had thoſe that dwell.	
XXIII.	If all the ages of the earth, — —	
XXIIII.	Vnconſtant Loue.	
XXV.	O eyes; O mortall ſtarres.	
XXVI.	Faire cruell Nymph.	Dialogue.
XXVII.	What ſhall I wiſh.	Dialogue.
XXVIII.	Tell me O Loue.	Dialogue.

Ben: Jonson